

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 39.

## A BACK BAY CRIME

—BY—

HARRIE IRVING HANCOCK.

AUTHOR OF "THE HARTLEY FEUD," "GIVEN HIS LIFE,"  
ETC., ETC.

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### CHAPTER I.

THE CRIME ON THE AVENUE.

"There goes a rather lucky fellow."

"What one? There are so many here you know."

"The dark young man over there, the one with the faultless attire, and the pensive look."

"You are not over accurate in your descriptions, Will; nevertheless, I think I understand which one you mean. But what is he lucky at? Cards, or love?"

"Neither, my dear boy; at least, not as far as I know. But he is to come in for a fortune, which comprises a house on the avenue and at least a half million in ready cash."

"Fool! I don't see where the extraordinary good luck comes in there, Will. You yourself are the sole hope and heir of a father who will leave you better provided for than that."

"Very true, my dear Claude; but the difference lies in this: My father is a man in a remarkably good health—better, in fact, than my own—and there is every likelihood that he will last for at least 20 years yet. Meantime, I shall be kept on my modest allowance of a few thousand a year, while young Blackleigh's uncle has probably not so much as \$25,000 or \$30,000 a year."

"He will have his fortune within six months, you say?" queried Claude reflectively.

"Without a question. Mortimer Blackleigh has not longer than that to live, if you yourself are the sole hope and heir of a father who will leave you better provided for than that."

"Who is this young fellow?" Claude resumed. "I don't remember to have ever heard of him before."

"For good reasons. You have just got back from two years on the other side of the water, whereas Blackleigh and his nephew have been in town only for the last 18 months."

"Where did they come from?"

"The Lord only knows; somewhere from the West is as near as Dame Rumor has it positively. Some say from Denver and some from San Francisco, but I have yet to meet any one who knows anything definite about them, except that they are well provided with money."

Claude was silent for a few moments, and then burst out with:

"I have an idea."

"But I am serious, old fellow."

"Then out with it, I conjure you, before it is hopelessly lost."

"It is this: I gather from your description of this very lucky young fellow that he is a parvenu, however wealthy he may be."

"Quite correct; your penetration does you credit."

"Then," pursued Claude, "what is the master with our introducing him into our circle, and making him quite a success?"

"'Ay, you are right,'" queried the other, with an attempt to conceal his astonishment and dismay.

"Not at all, my dear boy," returned Claude, calmly. "The course I propose is actuated by the demands of necessity."

"In what way?" demanded Will, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"We want his money."

"But we are neither thieves nor brokers," replied Will, even more surprised than before.

"No; but we are young men on narrow incomes," was Claude's impulsive reply, "and by taking up with this fellow, who is doubtless very clever and all that, we will flatter him to such an extent that his purse will always be at our disposal. We don't care to borrow of him, of course, for that is vulgar, and sometimes involves the necessity of repaying; but we can raise him to such heights of good fellowship that he will prove a most liberal entertainer and a bountiful companion."

Will Rofte walked with a gasp of astonishment.

To the boy's amazement his plan this time was too audacious for him to comprehend readily at all once.

"What will the fellows say to this?" he demanded as soon as he could find words.

"They will applaud our cleverness and join us in the game," replied Claude, positively.

"Your plan would be well worth trying, if I could but get myself to believe that we should not find ourselves disgraced, muttered Rofte, dubiously.

"Make yourself easy on that score, my dear boy," said Claude, "I am quite sure that you will spend half his fortune to get the young man what he craves. Please introduce him immediately."

"But I hardly know him," objected Rofte.

"And if you do not, may I call tomorrow?"

"I suppose I shall have to, but I cannot tell you how many impulsive young men there are in the world who are as disappointed as I am that Mr. Blackleigh will not be least among them."

"With which the old fellow mused away to find the best demands upon the table.

"You will come down again?" implored Blackleigh, as she gave him her hand at parting.

The old head will possibly permit of it," responded Miss Damon kindly.

"And if you do not, may I call tomorrow?"

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"I suppose I shall have to, but I





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**STANLEY WAS NOT CRUEL**

No Wanton Shredder of Blood Could Have Returned Alive.

(Herbert Ward in Pittsburg Bulletin.)

Nothing could be more unjust than the charge of wanton cruelty and bloodshed freely made against him by many who ought to have known better. When he was tried by a bloody-minded cannibal, bent on slaying him and his wife, he could fight like a lion. And when no wanton blood shredder would have cleft his way through the most savage region of earth, with such a wantonness as both friends and foes. No more destroyer would have kept his armed followers from taking by force the safety of the弱者 (the food) to the want of which they were often dying by inches. All these things evidence the very opposite of what is said. The great and the great pioneer's dark, worn face, read in the great pioneer's dark, worn face, that expression of native power and command, that "go-anywhere" dare-devil look, that look of contempt, all such men will have no cause for disappointment in comparing his deeds with their own. While the world is still aghast at the wantonness of the wanton, the world is ready to give its greatest men and benefactors the full meed of credit they deserve, there will always be found some narrow natures ready to vent their maliceousness and dis-  
pleasure.

## Boston Weekly Globe.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 27, 1890.

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### THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Readers of this issue will find on another page an epitome of the week's history of important events all over the globe.

Special attention is given to the proceedings in Congress, for the purpose of bringing out the salient features of national legislation divested of the verbiage of routine proceedings.

Every reader wishes to know what is going on in both political parties, and, therefore, to a summary of political doings, a department is assigned.

What is worth remembering of the news of the week is presented in an attractive form.

### POLITICS AND THE PLOUGH.

The Farmers' Alliance is a dimly-outlined giant of uncertain proportions. Nobody seems to be able to state authoritatively just what its numbers and purposes are; but there seems to be a general agreement that if its whole force should charge unitedly upon the lines of existing parties political havoc would follow.

In the belief that somebody is in the house, there is no little consternation among professional politicians, great and small, and among the most amusing manifestations of it are the efforts now being put forth by leading congressmen and others to publish their records as farmers.

With great suddenness we learn that Vice-President MORTON has a farm of 950 acres on the Hudson. LAMAR announces that he is well up in Jersey stock. Uncle JERRY RICE boasts of a farm of 400 acres in Wisconsin. JOHN SHERMAN is all alone moved to tell what he knows about farming, from the standpoint of his two Ohio farms. GEN. JON WHEELER says he has made a million since the war at farming and that there are millions more in it. Senator STANFORD points to the setting sun and calls attention to New Hampshire, where farms can be had in lots at \$5 an acre. In short, from North, South, East and West farming as a political feature is receiving an unprecedented boom.

The Farmers' Alliance is certainly to be congratulated upon its good offices in thus turning the thoughts of overworked politicians back upon the peaceful plough. This growing affection for the honest yeomanry of the land shows that our lawmakers have called upon her." When this occurs—which is not so very often—it is usually because of the environment of circumstance rather than of any want of consideration for visitors' time or feelings. The average woman is more burdened by household duties than the average man; she cannot, therefore, so quickly shake herself into a presentable condition. The result of an almost universal phase of feminine existence which she cannot escape should not be construed as a breach of manners.

"The unwillingness of a woman to wait until another has finished speaking before beginning to speak herself." Distinctly not an exclusively feminine trait. From a caucus to a "smoke talk," from schoolboys to gray-beards, the sex with manners is very much the same as the sex without on this issue. I will consent to Mr. ADAMS' third proposition if he will add to his declaration "a characteristic of nearly all women," my appendix—"and of nearly all men."

"Woman's failure to recognize the importance of an engagement." One might be facetious here, and declare that of all people in the world, women were most in agreement as to the importance of an engagement—and a marriage afterward. But keeping to the point, while denying the sweeping assertion, I agree with Mr. ADAMS, that it is a fairly general weakness.

Again, we find that women were most in agreement as to the importance of an engagement—and a marriage afterward. But keeping to the point, while denying the sweeping assertion, I agree with Mr. ADAMS, that it is a fairily general weakness.

"The deep and general interest felt in the Mississippi constitutional convention will cause renewed discussion in many circles concerning the true basis of the right of suffrage. Multitudes of political talkers and writers are easily agitated at the suggestion of the curtailment of that right in the case of the negroes of the South. Who see no cause for indignation in the fact that women of education, ability and probity are politically suppressed in all the States except the newly admitted Wyoming."

But there are hundreds of thousands, both men and women, in this country, who believe that such suppression is oppression, and that the right of suffrage ought not to be limited to one sex any more than to the other. To all such the proposition before the Mississippi convention for a modified form of woman suffrage has its special interest and significance. The proposition is that women are to be overruled, and that the right of suffrage ought not to be limited to one sex any more than to the other.

Two things, however, rather disturb the faith of those who hold that these straight lines are canals which prove the existence of the curtailment of that right in the case of the negroes of the South.

They are the fruits of some titanic labor.

While they are usually stable, now and then they must be many miles in width.

If they are canals they far surpass in magnitude any similar works ever attempted on this globe of ours.

Compared with them the Panama canal of Mr. LESSER would be a roadside ditch.

Only a race of giants could need such canals, and an engineering skill

immeasurably in advance of anything known on earth would be needed to construct them.

The second objection is that the canals do not grow gradually, as they

were the fruits of some titanic labor.

While they are usually stable, now and then

they must appear all at once, as if they

were created by force of magic.

It has been suggested by conservatives that they may be merely an optical illusion

caused by refraction of light, but in view of their general fixed character, well-defined geographical relations and occasional queer antics, that seems improbable.

It has also been suggested that they may be some kind of magic-lantern device

which the inhabitants of Mars use

purposely to attract the attention of the astronomers of this earth, in the hope of getting a return signal and satisfying the Martians astronomers whether our planet is or is not the abode of enlightened beings.

A valuable addition to the stock of information on this most interesting subject has been recently contributed by the astronomer SCHIAPARELLI of the Milan University.

He states that the canals are to be

seen in the sky of the second month

of the year, and the third month

of the year, and the fourth month

of the year, and the fifth month

of the year, and the sixth month

of the year, and the seventh month

of the year, and the eighth month

of the year, and the ninth month

of the year, and the tenth month

of the year, and the eleventh month

of the year, and the twelfth month

of the year, and the thirteenth month

of the year, and the fourteenth month

of the year, and the fifteenth month

of the year, and the sixteenth month

of the year, and the seventeenth month

of the year, and the eighteenth month

of the year, and the nineteenth month

of the year, and the twentieth month

of the year, and the twenty-first month

of the year, and the twenty-second month

of the year, and the twenty-third month

of the year, and the twenty-fourth month

of the year, and the twenty-fifth month

of the year, and the twenty-sixth month

of the year, and the twenty-seventh month

of the year, and the twenty-eighth month

of the year, and the twenty-ninth month

of the year, and the thirtieth month



## OLD HOMES, OLD FAMILIES.

Historic Houses Dear to Yankeedom.

Hearths That Still Blaze When Wintry Breezes Blow.

Might Now, in the Cemetery.

County Green, the Cemetery—No sir! We do not have cyclones in this part of Kansas. Sometimes the wind is a trifle brisk, but—

Hip! Slam! Crash! Smash! Thud!

There was a house, built big six, 10

miles away and 10 minutes later, as I was saying, sometimes the wind blows pretty brisk. It—Why, hello! That's the sturdiest house I ever saw, and a stanch limb an' that! That's too bad! Kinder reckoned on selling him a couple of lots.

He Lost It, Though.

(New York World.)

"I don't think you can catch that train," said the baggage man to the drummer as it dashed by.

"No," responded the brilliant, trade

swain, throwing his satchel on the last platform, "but I've got my grip on it just the same."

The Matter with John L.'s Head.

(New York Sun.)

"Can I see Mr. Sullivan?" asked the reporter.

"No, Mr. Sullivan is ill." He attempted to

swat a mosquito on his forehead last night, and it stung him so bad he dislocated his scull.

Come in next week."

But He Would Get a Warm Reception.

(Chicago Intercean.)

To mind! (at 11:45 p.m.) It's a very hot night, sir. No, sir. Why don't you go home, then? I've doubt your wife is waiting for you.

Reciprocity Wanted.

(Lowell Citizen.)

Carrie—Do you believe it is more blessed to give than to receive?

Harriet quickly kissing him—I don't know, I should like to try both before I make up my mind.

Why They Felt Cut Up.

(Indianapolis Journal.)

"If you please, Mr. Cashmore," said the young saleswoman, "we have been discussing the matter of salaries, and we find the amount you are asking for the work we think the same work as us girls. And we think he is hardly just, do you not?"

"I never thought of it in that light before," answered the manager, after a little thought. "It shall be remedied at once. I'll cut the men's salaries down next Saturday."

Distance Lends Enchantment.

(Street and Smith's Good News.)

Madam Highmind—I did not know you attended the last performances.

Descon (yesterday)—I come to hear the music, madam.

Madam Highmind—But you have brought your opera glasses.

Leah—Madam—Um—yes, madam.

That is to make the fairland scenes seem more realistic. I look at them through the large end.

From Tip to Tipple.

(New York Weekly.)

Guest (at big hotel)—Where is the waiter?

I had a tip—He's busy, sah.

Guest (who had given the morning waiter a tip, and doesn't want to repeat the operation)—Can you help me?

Heads water—No, sah. Fact is, sir, some mischievous fool hub him sick a big fee this mawnin' that he's gone off on a drunk, sah.

A Hopeless Case.

(West Shore.)

Merchant (as clerk approaches)—Well, sir?

Clerk—Would like an increase in my pay, sir.

Merchant (turning back to his desk)—Most my body would.

The Surest Road.

(West Shore.)

Mr. Trouble—You say that men are harder on stocks than women. How do you make that out?

Mrs. Trouble—Because women wear their stockings longer.

Not So Forgetful as They Seemed.

(Chicago Tribune.)

"They are not paying much attention to you, Uncle Pete," said the little girl at the party. "I guess they have forgot you're our relation."

"No, child," answered Uncle Pete, crossing one leg over the other so as to hide a small patch under the knee, "no, they seem to be remembering it right along."

A Hard Problem.

(Life.)

"Pa, is Harrison a good man?"

Straight Republican—Yes, my son.

Pa, don't the good people divide?"

St. Louis—Yes, son.

Pa, why didn't Harrison die young?"

Straight Republican (in anguish)—I don't know, my son, why he didn't."

But Did He Get It Back?

(Sunset Weekly.)

Dealer (to customer)—A man came—

"I have a while ago, seized a coat, vest and trousers and ran away with them."

Customer—What did you do?

"I followed suit."

Where a Good Principle Ceases to Work.

(Bostonian.)

Parrott—If you want a thing well done you must do it yourself; there's no use trusting to others.

Wiggins—How do you propose to collect your life insurance?

Culture by the Ounce.

(West Shore.)

Miss Womble (to druggist)—Give me 'n ounce of musk.

Miss—Please be also—O, Gosh! Helen, don't buy musk! I saw a paper that it ain't cultured to use musk.

Miss—Wouldn't (crushing)—Lord! I've seen as well as cultured people as us use musk.

Driving Tandem.

(Chicago Intercean.)

"Tandem—Tandem?" soliloquized Fred Gallacher as he paused over the report of the Dunlo case, wherein the lovely Belle's exploits on the box seat were recorded: "and the tandem? Ouch, snore, I believe I'm rimber. It's drivin' two horses four-in-hand!"

Gull Caught by a Kite.

(Berlin Age.)

Fishermen at Belfast discovered, it is reported, a large sea gull with wings out as wide as a man's arms, which had alighted roundly towards them. The motive power was found to be a kite, in the cord of which the bird was entangled, and which was hanging from a tree. Here's a hint for the flying machine inventor.

A Hen is a Bird.

(Chicago Intercean.)

Lummix—Dinwiddie used to call his wife "Birdie," but he quit it now.

Skimping—Not entirely, he heard him refer to her the other day as the old hen.

Play in Abatement.

(Indianapolis Journal.)

Play—For goodness' sake, what is the trouble with the hen now?

Emmy—Tomy dropped a great big (booboo) caterpillar down my back.

Tomy—I didn't either! It was just a little kittenpillar.

At the Railway Station.

(Lowell Citizen.)

Stranger—When can I leave for Boston?

Countrymen (moderately)—Well, there are two trains a day.

Stranger (exasperated)—Well, when does one of them go. I can't take them both!

The Dear Girls.

(Munsey's Weekly.)

Ethel—I find twight more conducive than making any other time.

Maud—Of course. Your features are partly concealed then.

Men of Might in Pulpit.

Pen Pictures of Hub's Great Preachers.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale's Personal Magnetism.

Notable Characteristics of Emory J. Haynes.

As he becomes more earnest in his discourse, his features move freely, and he employs both hands to gesticulate. He has a number of gestures, and he uses his hands and fingers very freely. But he is always self-contained. His voice never loses its clear sounding quality, and never becomes hoarse or strained. There is nothing at any time ministerial about him, and it is then that his language is most ardent, and is richest in oratorical grace and fire.

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## HAND AND HEART.

BY LEWIS COHEN.

One evening, in the year 1520, a woman, enveloped in a long black mantle, was walking toward the bridge of the Rialto in Venice. Her steps were looked around with a hurried, frightened glance. She paused on the curve of the bridge and looked down with a shudder; then closing her eyes and murmuring faintly, "Antonio! my Antonio! Adieu!" she prepared to throw herself over the parapet. Just as she was falling a man rushed forward, seized her with a powerful grasp, and drawing her back said, "Woman, destroy not thy life which Providence has given thee. I am thy unhappy enter your church, kneel at my bidding, enter your church, weep over your sorrow and thank your Maker that you have been preserved from crime from rushing unawed into His presence."

The girl impatiently tried to shake off the strong, kind hand that held her, and said: "Let me go! I must die!"

In another moment she staggered and fell to the ground, where she lay without sense or motion. Her presser raised her head, and, in order to give her air, drew back the veil which covered her features. They were very lovely, and the man gazed on her with wonder and admiration as she was gradually restored.

By degrees she told him who she was and where she lived. Her history might be summed up in a few words: anavarious father, a poor lover, a mutual but unhappy love.

Vainly did Maria plead with her father, a rich innkeeper, to let her the cause of her love, Antonio Barbarigo, the handsome gondolier, lying beneath the Bridge of Sighs. At length, this evening her father, Gianettini, forgot himself so far as to strike his daughter with some violence; and she, with a far more culpable neglect of her duty, ran wildly from home, and as we have seen, was arrested just on the verge of committing suicide.

The person who had saved her led her gently to her home, having given her up to her father, and himself in an obscure corner of the hospice, Gianettini received his child with rude reproaches, and, sending her to her own apartment and betaking herself to her spinning, he cast a suspicious glance at the person who had brought her home, whose stout, manly figure and firm countenance however, deterred the innkeeper from addressing him in a hostile manner.

As Maria turned to a young gondolier who stood at the door and hurriedly approaching her said: "Dearest! dearest! Gianettini! run away! shout: 'Out of this! out of this! of my love! follow!'"

The gondolier did not stir.

"I have you finished," he said, in a good-humored tone. "What a good word!"

"I am never loved, Signor Gondolier. Have you totally forgotten the feelings of your youth? Know you not that since I was 10 years old I have not been so fondly?"

"Will you then allow us to hallow your old age with our tears?"

"I don't want to have a parcel of beggars for my old age," said Gianettini roughly.

"Beggars," replied the young man. "You surely forgot yourself."

"I did not, I turned the father, "I regret, for one moment," pleaded the gondolier.

"But hear me, I again repeat that such as you shall never be my daughter. Your position is too mean."

"Certainly, you are rich," replied the gondolier, "what binds that I should not become so, too? A stout arm, a brave heart, an honest soul, will, with the help of Heaven, do much."

"Nay," said Antonio, "it is a sober sense. Prince Lorenzo de Medici was a merchant."

"The man in the corner had, harkened attentively to this dialogue. He rose and touching Barbarigo's shoulder, said: "Signor, come here."

"What is it, may you must remember that he is now little better than a pauper?"

"'Pshaw,'" said the unknown; "paupers are more numerous than you."

"I am bound," cried Gianettini.

"'Pshaw,'" said the unknown, turning distantly towards him, "if this youth could lay down 600 pistoles would you oblige to let him?"

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